

# MARSHALL COUNTY DEMOCRAT.

THE BLESSINGS OF GOVERNMENT, LIKE THE DEWS OF HEAVEN, SHOULD FALL ALIKE UPON THE RICH AND THE POOR—JACKSON.

VOL. 1,

PLYMOUTH, IND. JANUARY 24, 1856.

NO. 11

**BUSINESS DIRECTORY**  
Business Cards not exceeding three lines, inserted under this head, at \$1 per annum.  
Persons advertising in the "Democrat" by the year, will be entitled to a Card in the Business Directory, without additional charge.

**Marshall County Democrat**

**JOB PRINTING OFFICE.**

We have on hand an extensive assortment of **JOB TYPE**, And are prepared to execute

**JOB AND FANCY PRINTING!**

Of every description and quality, such as

CIRCULARS, HANDBILLS, LABELS, CATALOGUES, PAMPHLETS, BUSINESS CARDS, BLANK BOOKS, MORTGAGES, AND IN SHORT, BLANKS OF EVERY VARIETY AND DESCRIPTION, ON THE SHORTEST NOTICE, AND ON REASONABLE TERMS

**PLYMOUTH BANNER, BY W. J. BURNS,** Plymouth, Ind.

**BROWNLEE & CO., DEALERS IN DRY** Goods and Groceries, first door east side of Michigan street, Plymouth, Ind.

**BROOK & EVANS DEALERS IN DRY** Goods and Groceries, corner Michigan and La Porte streets, Plymouth, Ind.

**C. PALMER, DEALER IN DRY GOODS &** Groceries, south corner La Porte and Michigan streets, Plymouth, Ind.

**H. OGLESBEE & CO., DEALERS IN** Dry Goods & Groceries, Brick Store Michigan street, Plymouth, Ind.

**JOHN COUGLE, DEALER IN DRY GOODS** and Groceries, corner of Michigan and Gano streets, Plymouth, Ind.

**WESTERVELT & HEWITT, DEALERS** in Dry Goods & Groceries, Plymouth, Ind.

**G. S. CLEVELAND, DEALER IN DRY** Goods, Hardware, etc., Plymouth, Ind.

**MRS. DUNHAM, MILLINER & MANTUA** Maker, Plymouth, Ind.

**BROWN & BAXTER, DEALERS IN** Stoves, Tinware, etc., Plymouth, Ind.

**H. P. FISHING, DEALER IN DRUGS** and Medicines, Plymouth, Ind.

**S. R. PACKARD, DEALER IN VINEYARD** PACKARD & VINNEDGE, WHOLESALE & Retail Grocers, Plymouth, Ind.

**R. RISK, DEALER IN GROCERIES &** Provisions, Plymouth, Ind.

**FOSTER & WALLACE, DEALERS IN** Groceries and Provisions, Plymouth, Ind.

**J. W. DAVIS, SADDLE AND HARNESS** Maker, Plymouth, Ind.

**HENRY PIERCE, DEALER IN CLOTH-** ing & Furnishing Goods, Plymouth, Ind.

**JOHN M'DANIEL, MANUFACTURER &** dealer in Boots & Shoes, Plymouth, Ind.

**YVES BALDWIN, MANUFACTURER** of Boots & Shoes, Plymouth, Ind.

**JOHN G. PIATT, MANUFACTURER OF** Cabinet Ware, Plymouth, Ind.

**S. LUTYER & FRANCIS, HOUSE CARPEN-** ters & Joiners, Plymouth, Ind.

**JAMES VARNER, HOUSE CARPENTER &** Joiner, Plymouth, Ind.

**BAUGHERT & CO., MANUFACTURERS &** Dealers in Cooper Ware, Plymouth, Ind.

**ELLIOTT & SON, TURNERS, CHAIRMA-** nufacturers & Painters, Plymouth, Ind.

**ELLIOTT & CO., MANUFACTURERS OF** Wagons, Carriages & Plows, Plymouth, Ind.

**COLLINS & NICHOLS, MANUFACTUR-** ers of Sash &c., Plymouth, Ind.

**BENJ. BENTS, BLACKSMITH,** Plymouth, Ind.

**A. K. BRIGGS, BLACKSMITH,** Plymouth, Ind.

**D. AGUIERRETTES, BY J. E. ARM-** STRONG, Plymouth, Ind.

**SALOON, BY M. H. THIBBIS,** Plymouth, Ind.

**AMERICAN HOUSE, BY G. P. CHERRY** & SON, Plymouth, Ind.

**EDWARDS' HOTEL, BY W. C. EDWARDS,** Plymouth, Ind.

**CHAS. H. REEVE, ATTORNEY AT LAW** & Notary Public, Plymouth, Ind.

**HORACE CORBIN, ATTORNEY AT LAW** Plymouth, Ind.

**HODGES & PORTER, ATTORNEYS AT** LAW, Plymouth, Ind.

**SAM'L. R. CORBALEY, NOTARY PUBLIC,** Plymouth, Ind.

**THEO. A. LEMON, PHYSICIAN, SUR-** GEON & Druggist, Plymouth, Ind.

**RUFUS BROWN, PHYSICIAN & SUR-** GEON, Plymouth, Ind.

**S. HUGGINOTHAM, PHYSICIAN & SUR-** GEON, Plymouth, Ind.

**NEHEMIAH SHERMAN, PHYSICIAN &** SURGEON, Plymouth, Ind.

**J. W. BENNETT, PHYSICIAN & SUR-** GEON, Plymouth, Ind.

**CHAS. WEST, ECLECTIC PHYSICIAN,** Plymouth, Ind.

**J. B. DOOLITTLE, ECLECTIC PHY-** sician, Plymouth, Ind.

**J. D. GRAY, ECLECTIC PHYSICIAN,** Plymouth, Ind.

**KLINGER & BRO. DEALERS IN LUMBER** etc., Plymouth, Ind.

**J. PATTERSON, DEALER IN VA-** rious kinds of Meat, Plymouth, Ind.

**LIVERY STABLE, BY W. M. PATTER-** SON, Plymouth, Ind.

**AUSTIN FULLER, MANUFACTURER** And dealer in Flour, Plymouth, Ind.

**HENRY M. LOGAN & CO., DEALERS IN** Lumber, &c., Plymouth, Ind.

**JOSEPH POTTER, SADDLE & HARNESS** Maker, Plymouth, Ind.

**AMERICAN HOUSE, G. P. CHERRY &** Son, Proprietors, Plymouth, Ind.

**BARBERING AND HAIRDRESSING, BY** Alfred Billows, Plymouth, Ind.

**MITCHELL & WILCOX, MANUFACTU-** rers of Plows, &c., Plymouth, Ind.

## Selected Poetry.

From the "Knickerbocker."  
**THE BLIND BOY'S LOVE.**

BY JOHN H. NEW.

List! oh! list!—she is drawing near;  
For her tiny step and brief  
Falls softly on my strained ear,  
As the rain on vernal leaf!

Why beats my heart so wildly now,  
And starts my blood in fiercer flight,  
And crimson neck and cheek and brow,  
As skies, they say, when wings the night?

Why, e'en my tongue forgets its art,  
And crumeth down, oppressed with fear,  
As lilacs when the north winds part,  
Of beauteous master cometh near.

Al! me! she has passed me like the breeze  
With odors from the autumn plain,  
Or like a ship 'er southern seas,  
When scarce a ripple scars the main.

But, as a wrecked one on the shore,  
When night has set her sentries pale,  
Whose low-bowed ear for evermore,  
Is filled with rustlings of a sail.

I stand all breathless, hearing yet  
The murmur of her fading flight,  
While every sound is sweetly set  
To the music of her foot-fall light.

But thou, my LILY! shalt never know  
The soul that, like the restless sea,  
To thee shall ever ebb and flow,  
Unceasing as eternity.

For whom am I to dream of love—  
Of thee, a twin to Beauty born,  
Whom every songster of the grove  
Greets with his carol, as if the Morn?

No, no; those lake-like eyes of thine  
Should mirror lack a face more fair  
Than this poor, dark one, ead, of mine,  
Where moody sighs each full-browed care.

And yet, my GORGON! for an hour  
Thou'lt grant me in her eyes to gaze,  
How cheerful would I yield the power  
Of life itself through countless days!

## MISCHIEF-MAKERS.

Of that kind in the world be found,  
Some little spot of happy ground,  
Where village pleasures might go round  
Without the village tattle;  
How doubly best that place would be,  
Where all might dwell in liberty,  
Free from the bitter misery  
Of gossip's' endless prattle.

If such a spot were really known,  
Dame Peace might claim it as her own,  
And in its midst might fix her throne  
Forever and forever.  
There like a Queen might reign and live,  
While every one would soon forgive  
The little slight they might receive,  
And be offended never.

'Tis mischief-makers that remove  
Far from our hearts the warmth of love,  
And lead us all to disapprove  
What gives another pleasure;  
They seem to take one's part—but when  
They've heard our cares, unkindly then  
They soon retail them all again,  
Mix'd with the poisonous measure.

And then they've such a cunning way  
Of telling their ill-meant tales, they say  
"Don't mention what I said, I pray,  
I would not tell another;"  
Straight to your neighbor's house they go,  
Narrating everything they know,  
And break the peace of high and low,  
Wife, husband, friend and brother.

O! that the mischief-making crew,  
Were all reduced to one or two,  
And they were planted red or blue,  
That every one might know them!  
Then would our villagers forget  
To rage and quarrel, fume and fret,  
And fall into an angry pet,  
With things so much below them.

For 'tis a sad and degraded part  
To make another bosom smart,  
And plant a dagger in the heart  
We ought to love and cherish;  
Then let us evermore be found  
In quietness with all around,  
While friendship, joy and peace abound,  
And angry feelings perish!

## GENERAL GREEN'S RETREAT. AN AMERICAN SKETCH.

BY J. T. HEADLY.

To understand the ground over which this remarkable retreat was performed, it is only necessary to glance at the map. Three large rivers rise in the north-west part of North and South Carolina, and flow in a south-easterly direction toward the Atlantic. The lower, or most southern, eastern one, is the Yadkin, which empties into the Santee; the north of it, and nearly parallel, is the Dan; emptying into the Pedee; the last, and most northern, is the Dan, which soon leaves its southeasterly direction and winds backward and forward across the Virginia line, and finally falls into the Roanoke.

Green was now on the Catawba, or most southern river, and directed his steps north, his line of progress cutting the Yadkin and Dan. To place a deep river between two armies effectually separates them for some time—while a retreating army between one and a powerful adversary, is almost sure to be ruined. Therefore, the great effort of Cornwallis was to overtake his weak enemy somewhere between the rivers, while the latter strained every nerve to keep a stream dividing him and his foe. Green was now

crossing the Catawba, which, swollen by the recent rains, prevented Cornwallis from crossing. But at length it began to subside, and the latter determined, by a night-march to a private ford near Salisbury, to deceive his antagonist, and cross without opposition. But Green had been on the alert, and stationed a body of militia there to dispute the passage. At daybreak, the British column was seen silently approaching the river. A deep hue was on everything, broken only by the roar of the swollen waters, and not a living thing was to be seen on shore. Twilight still rested on the forest, and the turbid foam-covered stream looked doubly appalling in the gloom. The rain was falling in torrents, and the British commander, as he reined up his steed on the slippery banks, looked long and anxiously to the other side. There all was wild and silent; but the flashes of the American fires in the woods told too well that he had been forestalled. Still, the order of advance was given, and the column boldly entered the channel. With muskets passed over their heads to keep them dry, and leaning against each other to steady their slippery footing, the grenadiers pushed forward. As they advanced, the water deepened, until it flowed in a strong current, up to their waists. The cavalry went plunging through, but the rapid stream bore many of them, both horses and riders, downward in the darkness.

The head of the column had already reached the center of the river, when the voices of sentinels rang through the darkness, and the next moment their guns flashed through the storm. The Americans—five hundred in number—immediately poured in a destructive volley, but the British troops pressed steadily forward. Soldier after soldier rolled over in the flood, and Cornwallis's horse was shot under him, but the noble animal with a desperate effort, carried his rider to the bank before he fell. The intrepid troops at length reached the shore and routed the militia. Cornwallis was now on the same side with his antagonist, and prepared to follow up his advantage with vigor. But the latter no sooner heard that the enemy had crossed the Catawba, than he ordered the retreat to the Yadkin. Through the drenching rain and deep mud, scarcely halting to eat or rest, the ragged troops dragged their weary way, and on the third day reached the river and commenced crossing. In the meantime, the recent rains had swollen this river also, so that by the time Green had safely effected the passage, the current was level with its banks. He had urged everything forward with the utmost speed, and at midnight, just as the last of the rear guard was embarking, they were saluted with a volley from the advance guard of the British. When the morning light broke over the scene, there lay the two armies within sight of each other, and the blessed Yadin surging and roaring in threatening accents between, as if on purpose to daunt the invader from its bosom. Stung into madness at this second escape of their enemy, the English lined the shore with their artillery, and opened a fierce cannonade on the American camp. But the army, protected by an elevated ridge, rested quietly and safely behind it.

In a little cabin, just showing its roof above the rocks, Green took up his quarters, and while his troops were reposing commenced writing his despatches. The enemy, suspecting that the American General had established himself there, directed their artillery upon it; and soon the rocks rung with the balls that moked and bounded from their sides. It was not long before the roof of the cabin was struck, and the shingles and clapboards began to fly about in every direction; but the stern warrior within never once looked up, and wrote on as calmly as if in his peaceful home. Four days after, the British General tarried on the shore of the Yadkin; and then, as the waters subsided, again put his army in motion. Moving lower down the river, he crossed over, and started anew after his adversary. But the latter ever vigilant, was already on his march to Guilford, where he resolved to make a stand, and strike the bold Briton to the heart. But on reaching Guilford, he learned to his dismay, that the reinforcements promised him had not arrived. The English army was nearly double that of his own, and all well tried, disciplined soldiers, and he knew it would be madness to give battle on such disadvantageous terms. There was, therefore, no remedy but retreat, and this had now become a difficult matter. In the hope of being able to sustain himself at Guilford, he had suffered his enemy to approach so near that there was but one possible way to escape.—Cornwallis, at last deemed his prey secure.

On the 10th of February this battle of maneuvers again commenced, and the two armies—now only twenty-five miles apart—stretched forward. Cornwallis supposed that his adversary would make for the upper fords of the Dan, as there were no ferries below, and hence put his ar-

my in such a position that he could crush him at once; but Green quickly withdrew to the lower Dan, where he ordered boats to be congregated, in which he could transport his troops over. His object in this was two-fold. First, to place a deep instead of a fordable river between him and his formidable adversary; and secondly, to be in a situation to effect a junction with the reinforcements he expected in Virginia. Discovering at once the error under which Cornwallis labored, he added to it by sending a large detachment to maneuver in front, as if the upper fords were indeed the object of his efforts. Col. Williams commanded this chosen body of men, and marched boldly against the entire British army. The British commander, thinking it to be the advance guard of the Americans, began hastily to contract his lines, and make preparations for a fierce resistance.

This detained his march, and allowed Green to get a start, without which he must inevitably been lost. The English were without baggage; indeed, the whole army had been converted into infantry, which enabled them to move with much more alacrity than the Americans. It was now the dead of winter; the roads of to-day were filled with deep mud, and to-morrow were frozen hard, presenting a mass of rugged points to the soldier's feet, over which they were compelled to drag themselves on by the fear of destruction. In the meanwhile, Cornwallis, apprised of his error, began the pursuit in good earnest. But that gallant rear guard of Williams' kept between the two armies, slowly retreating, but still present—ever bending like a bow of wrath on the advancing enemy. The fate of the American army depended on its firmness and skill, and every officer in it seemed to feel the immense trust committed to his care. There was Lee's gallant legion, and Washington's heavy-mounted desperate horsemen—heroes, every one. Vigilant, untiring, brave, they hovered with such a threatening aspect around the advancing columns, that they were compelled to march in close order to prevent an attack. The least negligence, the least oversight, and the blow would fall like lightning. Never did a rear guard behave more gallantly.—The men were allowed three hours sleep out of the twenty-four, and but one meal a day! By starting and pushing forward three hours before daylight, they were enabled to get a breakfast, and this was the last repast until next morning. Yet the brave fellows bore all without a murmur, and night and day presented the same determined front to the enemy. Cornwallis believed for a while that the whole American force was in front, rejoicing in its proximity, knowing that when it reached the river it must perish—then Virginia would be open to his victorious arms, and the whole would be prostrate. And when he at length discovered his mistake, he strained forward with desperate energy.

In the meanwhile, the fleeing army presented a most heart-rending spectacle.—Half-clad, and many of them barefoot, with only one blanket for every four men, they rolled through the mire or left their blood on the frozen ground—pressing on through the wintry storm and cold winds, in the desperate effort for life. At night, when they snatched a moment's repose, three soldiers would stretch themselves on the damp ground, under one blanket, and the fourth keep watch; and happy were those who had even this scanty covering.

Green saw this distress with bitter grief, but it could not be helped—his cheering words and bright example were all he could give them. Now hurrying along its exhausted columns, and now anxiously listening to hear the sound of the enemy's guns in the distance, he became a prey to the most wasting anxiety. From the time he had set out for the camp of Morgan, on the Catawba, he had not taken off his clothes; while not an officer in the army was earlier in the saddle, or later out of it than he. But undismayed, his strong soul resolved yet to conquer; he surveyed with a calm, stern eye the dangers that thickened around him. Should the rear guard fail, nothing but a miracle would save him; but it should not fail. Every deep-laid plan was thwarted, every surprise disconcerted and every sudden movement to crush it, eluded by its tireless, hopeless leaders. Often with musket shot of the enemy's vanguard, the excited soldiers wished to return the fire, but the stern orders to desist were obeyed, and the two tired armies rolled on. It was a fearful race for life, and right now it was won.

At length the main army arrived within forty miles of the ferry boats, which were to place a deep river between them and the foe, and hope quickened every step. All night they went onward through the gloom, cheered by the thought that another day would place the object for which they struggled within their grasp. On that cold slippery night, the rear guard, slowly retreating, suddenly saw, at twelve o'clock, watch fires blazing in the distance. There, then, lay the army for which they had

struggled so nobly and suffered so much, overtaken at last, and sure to fall. In this fearful crisis, that gallant band paused, and held a short consultation; and then resolved, by one accord, to throw themselves in an overwhelming charge upon the English army, and rolling it back on itself, by a sacrifice as great as it was glorious, secure a few hours of safety to those they were protecting. This noble devotion was spared such a trial; the fires were indeed those kindled by Green's soldiers, but the tired columns had departed, and staggering for want of repose and food, were now stretching forward through the midnight, miles in advance.

Cornwallis, when he arrived at the smoldering camp fires, believing himself almost up with Green, and allowing his troops but a few moments to repose, marched all night long. In the morning, this van was closed upon the rear of that firm guard. Now came the last prodigious effort of the British commander; that the rear guard must fall, and with it Green, or all his labor and sacrifice would be vain. On the banks of the Dan he had resolved to bury the American army—and if human effort and human energy could effect it, it should be done. His steady columns closed more threateningly and rapidly on the guard, pushing it fiercely before them, and scorning all manner of success, pressed forward to the greatest prize. Still, Lee's intrepid legion, and Washington's fearless horsemen, hung black and wrathfully around their path, striving desperately, but in vain, to check their rapid advance. On, on, like racers approaching the goal, they swept over the open country, driving everything before them.

But at noon, a single horseman was seen coming in a swift gallop up the road along which Green had lately passed. Every eye watched him as he approached, and as he reined his panting steed up beside the officer of the exhausted, but still resolute band, and exclaimed—"The army is over the river!"—a loud huzza rent the air.

The main portion of the guard was now lastly dispatched by the shortest route in the ferry, while Lee still hovered with his legion in front of Cornwallis. As the former approached the river, they saw Green wan and haggard, standing on the shore and gazing anxiously up the road by which they were expected to appear. His army was over, but he had staid behind to learn the fate of that noble guard, and if necessary to fly to its relief. His eye lighted with exultation, as he saw the column rush forward to the river with shouts which echoed in deafening accents from the opposite shore. It was now dark, and the troops crowded with the utmost despatch into the boats, and hastened over. Scarcely were they landed, when the ground shook beneath the heavy tramp of Lee's legion, as it came thundering on towards the ferry.—The next moment, the shores rung with the clatter of armor, as the bold riders dismounted, and leaped into the boats ready to receive them, and the black mass disappeared in the gloom.

In a few moments, lights dancing on the further shore told of their safe arrival—and a shout that made the welkin ring went up from the American camp. Lee was the last man that embarked; he would not stir until his brave dragons were all safe; and, as the boat that bore him, touched the shore, the tread of the British van ceased along the banks he had just left. The pursuing column closed rapidly in towards the river, but the prey they thought within their grasp had escaped. Not a boat was left behind, and Cornwallis saw, with the deepest anguish, a deep, broad river rolling between him and his foe. It was a bitter disappointment; his baggage had all been destroyed in vain, and this terrible march of two hundred and fifty miles made only to be retraced.

But no pen can describe the joy and exultation that reigned in the American camp that night. The army received that gallant rear guard with open arms, and hailed them as their deliverers. Forgotten was all their lacerated feet, stiffened limbs, and empty stomachs, and scanty clothing, and even the wintry winds swept by unheeded, in the joy of their escape. Together they sat down and recounted their toils, and asked each of the other his perils and hardships by the way. Laughing and mirth, and songs, and all the reckless gaiety of the camp, from which restraint is taken, made the shore echo. But it was with sterner pleasure Green contemplated his escape, and as he looked at the majestic river rolling its broad, deep current onward in the starlight, a mountain seemed to lift from his heart. He listened to the boisterous mirth about him only to rejoice that so many brave fellows had been snatched from the enemy, then turned to his tent to ponder on his position, and resolve what next to do.

Thus ended the glorious retreat. It had been conducted for two hundred and fifty miles, through a country not furnishing a defile in which a stand can be made. Three

large rivers had been crossed, forests traversed, and through rain and mud, and over frost and ice, Green had fled for twenty days, baffling every attempt of his more powerful antagonist to force him to a decisive action. For the skill in which it was planned, the resolution and energy with which it was carried through, and the distance traversed, it stands alone in the annals of our country, and will bear comparison with the most renowned feats of ancient or modern times. It covered Green with more glory than a victory would have done, and stamped him at once the great commander.

**Fillibusters Moving.**  
WASHINGTON, Tuesday, Dec. 24.  
The Northern Light has for Nicaragua a company of 500 fillibusters, who have been enlisted and drilled in this city under the auspices of Parker H. French.

District Attorney McKeon has protested against the movement, and telegraphed to President Pierce for further proceedings. Among the freight of the Northern Light is a considerable quantity of war munitions.

**SECOND DISPATCH.**  
Shortly after 2 o'clock to-day the U. S. Marshall received dispatches from Washington ordering the seizure and detention of the steamer Northern Light. Officers were sent on board, but Mr. White, the counsel for the Transit, declared that the vessel should sail at her usual hour, 3 o'clock. Subsequently, however, he and the Captain went to the U. S. District Attorney's office to see what arrangement could be made, but the result of this interview is not known. About 4 o'clock the Northern Light was got under way, but had not proceeded far before she was intercepted by a revenue cutter, which fired two guns across her bows and brought her to. Two others proceeded to assist in stopping the steamer.

There were apparently between 300 and 400 young men on board, whose appearance indicated they were Nicaragua adventurers; one of them confessed they were such and had been engaged by Col. French.

**THIRD DISPATCH.**  
The Northern Light returned to the city. The Revenue Cutter fired blank cartridge first, to bring her to without effect, then sent a shot 2 or 3 rods ahead of her. The steamer was stopped and compelled to return.

**John Bull on the Plains.**  
We were much pleased yesterday to receive a call at our office from our young friends John W. Waddell and Benj. W. Russell, who have just returned from the plains. Messrs. Waddell and Russell have seen the elephant, and the buffalo too, and relate some amusing incidents of the journey, one of which may be called a regular pitched battle between John Bull and an American Bull.

The British nobleman have been spending the summer and fall on the plains, for the purpose of sporting. One of them, mounted on his fine dapple-gray charger, and with his gun poised, rode off to a herd of buffalo. Staggering on his victim, a huge bull, he "let slip the dogs of war." The buffalo, badly wounded, halted to recover his breath. John Bull halted also. After a short pause and deliberate survey of his antagonist, the enraged bull charged upon the horse and his noble rider, making no distinction between noble and ignoble blood. Down came horse and rider.

When John Bull rose to his feet he saw his charger going at full speed, a little in advance of the herd, and the wounded bull ready to renew the dreadful assault. Recollecting that he was an Englishman, and withal a nobleman, John Bull was too firm to retreat. The buffalo again pitched in, again John Bull came down on the plain, up third and fourth time was the fight renewed, when the Englishman finding the American bull was too much of a democrat to respect nobility, and remembering that "discretion is the better part of valor," took to his heels and left the plain and horse in the quiet possession of his enemy.

**Curious Facts.**  
Serpents are said to obey the voice of their masters; the trumpet-bird of America follows its owner like a spaniel; the jaca acts as a guard to poultry, preserving them in the fields all the day from the birds of prey, and escorting them home regularly at night. In the Sheldahl there is a gull which defends the flocks from eagles; it is therefore considered as a privileged bird. The chamois, bounding among the snowy mountains of the Caucasus, are indebted for their safety, in no small degree, to a peculiar species of peasant. This bird acts as their sentinel; for as soon as it gets sight of a man it whistles, upon hearing which, the chamois, knowing the hunter to be not far distant, sets off with the greatest speed, and seeks the highest peaks of the mountains. The artifices which partridges and plovers employ to delude their enemies from the nest of their young, may be referred to as a case in point, as well as the adroit convenience of the hind for the preservation of her young, for when she hears the sound of dogs, she puts herself in the way of the hunters, and starts in a direction to draw them away from her fawns. Instances of the effect of grief upon animals are also no less remarkable. The writer already cited says: "I knew a dog that died for the loss of its master, and a bullfinch that abstained from singing ten entire months on account of the absence of its mistress. On her return it immediately resumed its song." Lord Kaimes relates an instance of a canary, which, while singing to its mate hatching her eggs in a cage, fell dead; the female quitted her nest, and finding him dead, rejected all food, and died by his side.

**The oddest husbandry we know, is when a man in clover marries a woman in weeds.**  
New York Review.

## THE BIBLE.

This is a remarkable book—remarkable for its adaptiveness to the whole wants and condition of man. Well may we ask concerning the book, 'Whence is it?'

Concerning as it does so much that dives down into the very depths of the human heart, showing upon its wickedness, and disclosing even its secret thought, we are involuntarily led to the conclusion that it was the production of a superior mind. Being, then, so infinitely superior to all human intellect, we are led to seek for its conception and authorship in the mind of that omniscient Being who knoweth the secret of all hearts! We cannot resist the conclusion that the Bible is of, and from God.

Being from God, we also know that his revelation was made to man for his present and eternal good, requiring on his part a reception of the truth it contains, and obedience to the requirements it enjoins.

Having answered the question, 'whence is it?' we are also led to inquire, 'What is it?'

It is a book of precepts, obedience to which will secure a man that peace 'which the world can neither give nor take away.' It is a book of promise, sweet indeed to the sorrowing and mourning; the penitent and dying. It is the bread upon which the hungry may feed, and receive food and nourishment for his famished soul.

It is the blazing star of heaven to illumine the dark and murky path of him who is seeking to enter wisdom's ways, which are ways of pleasantness, and whose paths are peace.

It is a chart which displays to the eye of the seeker the boundaries of the promised land, pointing out the shoals and quicksands in his passage to the desired haven.

It is the Book of books to the expiring saint; for he turns his dimming eyes to the glorious promises of its sacred pages, and feels that they are sure, for they are founded on the veracity of Jehovah.

These thoughts have been suggested by the perusal of a book issued by the American Bible Society, New York, entitled, 'Testimony of Distinguished Laymen to the value of the Sacred Scriptures, particularly in their bearing upon Civil and Social life.' This book is a gem in itself, and should be in the hands of every true lover of the Bible, and well wisher to the progress in virtue and religion of his country and the world.—*Orphan's Advocate.*

## To Boys.

Boys are admonished by a sensible writer to beware of the following description of company, if they would avoid becoming like those who enter prisons for their crimes.

Those who ridicule their parents or disobey their commands.

Those who profane the Sabbath or scoff at religion.

Those who use profane or filthy language.

Those who are unfaithful, play truant, and waste their time in idleness.

Those who are of a quarrelsome temper, and who are apt to get into difficulties with others.

Those who are addicted to lying and stealing.

Those who take pleasure in torturing animals and insects.

Those who loaf around grog-shops and drink whiskey.

## An Unexpected Answer.

Soon after the Mexican war, an American captain and an Englishman met in Venice at dinner.

"You are an American sir!" said the Englishman.

"I reckon I am," returned the captain.

"You have the name of being great warriors?"</